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NEW JERSEY

"AFTER HOURS"

The Weekly Guide to Entertainment



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Feb. 4, 1950

"AFTER HOURS"

The Weekly Guide To Entertainment

HUMBOLDT 2-8286

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My Greatest Night Life Thrill

By RUTH BROWN

I was on my way to open at the Apollo Theatre in N. Y. from Chester, Pennsylvania and the car I was in crashed which crushed my legs and kept me in braces for over six months. Visitors came and went shedding tears of pity because many believed that I wouldn't be able to walk again. However, I was determined to continue my singing career which had just started. Blanche Calloway who is my agent was also in the car. My first engagement after the accident, in braces was at Philadelphia's Palladian Bar. You will never know what I went through. Would the public accept me? I wanted them to, without pity. The nite was quiet, and as I moved to the mike I was nervous. I opened my mouth and shut my eyes so I couldn't see if there were many people in the house. Yes! it was true, roar after roar of applause and shouts echoed through out the place. And this was my greatest thrill! How those people accepted an unknown.

On The Cover

DOLORES EVELYN, 230 Orange Street, housewife and mother likes singing, is boxing fan, likes to write. Her husband is a photographer.

INSIDE STORY

By BUTLER WEBB

Two officers of the monied Club 15 are on the spot. The North Jersey Charm School at 343 Washington is the newest venture in the model craze; bosses are Rebecca Newby, Evelyn Brower, and Alice Richards. Google Eyes is about to hit big time on CBS recordings and MCA bookings; from Club Caravan he goes to Chi then perhaps back to Bop City. Write in for info on After Hours Recreation Club.

Earl Garner dropped in Caravan the other night. William B. Davis named to a post in state Senate at \$600 per. at the bar: Dolores Evelyn in striking carmine suit with Mable Fields; Dolores Garcia Helen Jackson the bridge expert; the Melvin Colemans; Connie Morris, Esther Grimsley. a merry party at Caravan, the Richards sisters, Bob Hart, Bea Harris, Evelyn Brower, Fred Barnes, Al Madison, Moe Jones.

An interesting Saturday night: at nine the finely publicized basketball game between Vets Reconditioning Club and New York Cover Girls in Orange, the former victors before a mad crowd. at 10 the wedding party of Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Terrell of Vaux Hall held at King Hiram Center with elaborate buffet service and champagne. at 11 the Progressive Beauticians Dance at Hotel Sheraton with Togge Smith on the bandstand, Princess Margo in her dances, Carey Leonard the great crooner and a lot of lively tables and capacity crowd with Algine Ray and H. Dudley Rucker

running things. then at 12 the Ruth Brown dance at Lloyd's with a crowd of jumpers gone mad; Ruth Sings with a sensuousness to her voice and that's what makes her songs go over so! she was fascinating during an interview, is aged 22 and used to sing only in church. at 1:00 to a downtown club where Ella Moncur walked it with Sara Vaughan on a late round. . ."

C. Ronald Hightower in Passaic rumored to have hit numbers for \$1600. Teddy Powell and Eleanor Carter engagement has cooled. Bertram Bland to get new Buick. Melonee Jones talking about a trip to L. A. Larry Darnell dance coming soon. the new Champale is hurting whiskey sales. models being offered \$2.50 an hour to pose undraped are turning it down as too cheap. watch our A.H. word contest; how many words of four letters or more can you make of "After Hours?" prizes to be given. Morgan Smith of New York may do "Ten Most Photogenic Girls" in that town.

More news of the basketball game in Orange and its excitement. Cover girl Robbie Moore there with Vivian Copeland and a party of eight, also Sally Carroll and Martha Brent from Newark and scores of cuties from the suburbs. pretty-eyed Jane Jones of Caldwell in tete-te-tee with eligible Leon Funderburke. hearing of the night before's great party given by Bill Frederick at 147 Bank Street where all the night life figures in town showed up. among the crowded spots late Saturday night was Thompson's where none other than Ruth Brown sat eating breakfast. Peggy Tomas of Philly to be guest at Rio Plada Hotel while siging at the Downbeat.



PEGGY TOMAS of Philadelphia was the guest the week end of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brookins, owners of the Rio Plaza Hotel at 92 S. 13th Street, Newark, during her appearance at the Club Downbeat. She is 26 and has sung with Lionel Hampton, Louis Jordan, and Cab Calloway bands.

Women Run Model School

By HARRY WEBBER

The much discussed "Model Craze" in Jersey, featured a few weeks ago by news of clashing schools, has now taken a different and dramatic trend. Women are taking over the modelling business, not only as models but as directors.

This was signalled the past week when three After Hours magazine editors met at 343 Washington Street and set up the North Jersey Charm School. The three are Rebecca Newby, fashion editor; Alice Richards, feature editor; and Evelyn Brower, picture editor.

Earlier in these pages we traced the story of the John Barnes, Jimmy Fultz, Albert B. Hart and Rene Starks schools of modelling but since that time things have changed. Barnes has recently given less time to the business, the Fultz school has made an alliance with Janet Beadle's 'Along Fifth Ave' the Albert E. Hart School has been inactivated due to his recent illness. While these schools are re-aligning, this newest venture in the field is

attracting a lot of model students.

Miss Newby, famed modiste and Branford model presided at last week's meeting and said the school would be open Tuesday nights of each week and that applications would be received at all times over the phone, Market 2-8742. A highly trained staff of teachers is being organized for the school and the fees are quite low.

Miss Newby said that the purpose in organizing the new school is not only to instruct in the charm and modelling courses but also to seek outlets for modelling careers in such new fields as magazines advertisement. She said that was one reason the new school would fit into the girls' magazine work as the two are closely related.

As fashion editor of After Hours Miss Newby carries on the feature "The Best Dressed Men." Miss Richards has been noted for her series on the "Ten Eligible Men" as well as many interviews with night life figures. Miss Brower has covered such celebs as Joe Louis, Duke Ellington and other stars and, in addition, is a magazine photographer.



REBECCA NEWBY of the North Jersey Charm School...Morgan Smith Foto



ALICE RICHARDS of the North Jersey Charm School. Morgan Smith Foto



EVELYN BROWER of North Jersey Charm School. Morgan Smith Foto

King of Arlington

(What has happened: Blackjack King, reckless gambler and good-looking lover of both 17 year old Augustine whose minister father he has slain in a gun duel and of dark Samara, daughter of an old Wickliffe Street family, finally joins Augustine at his Arlington Street home after many risks, especially from Federal agents who suspect him of drug traffic. He plans to wed Augustine presently but cannot give up passionate Samara. Following an afternoon of love he and Augustine who has recuperated from her gun wound, step into the upstairs hall from her bedroom and are confronted with Samara below who holds a pistol in her hand.)

CHAPTER VII

By BUTLER WEBB

Blackjack King and Augustine's laughter died suddenly as they faced the spectacle of Samara down there covering them with a gun. The two women now openly revealed their bitter hatred of each other. Samara wore a black sailor hat and a white shirtwaist with her long black skirt. Her black eyes were narrowed with the intensity of her gaze at the couple. Augustine's gray eyes were wide with apprehension. She suddenly grabbed King's arm and he calmly potted her fingers to give her assurance. Blackjack King had faced many guns in his life and already he has measured the slight tremble with which Samara held hers.

He laughed boldly and his white teeth flashed in the late afternoon light.

"Why Samara," he called. "Why all the fireworks?"

Samara did not move. She said in a voice that had a slight quaver'

"I don't know which to kill but it will be one."

Blackjack left Augustine at the head of the stairs and started down the carpeted steps.

"Stay where you are," Samara demanded.

Blackjack continued his slow descent. His poise, his extreme calm, the ease with which he wore a dressing gown, his mussed hair, his heavy mustache proclaimed him as master of this house and he apparently did not plan to have any one question his mastery.

"I said stay there," Samara now cried. She lowered the gun to keep Blackjack within her aim but he kept coming on. Now he was only a few steps from her and yet she did not shoot. She held the gun in her hand and her aim was obviously good, but she did not shoot.

Blackjack slowly walked up to her. There was still laughter in his eyes. Samara made one more gesture with the gun. But before she could aim it again he had easily reached her arm and twisted it so she had to drop the gun.

She just stood there looking at him. The black eyes were wider now and they glistened with tears. The full lips had

(Continued on page 11)

King of Arlington

(Continued from page 10)

opened a little. Blackjack could feel the power of her great attraction. Were he honest with himself he would have taken her in his arms if only to feel the luscious flesh against his own. Blackjack glanced uneasily around at Augustine, who remained at the top of the steps. This action seemed to free Augustine from her frozen posture and she came flying down the stairs.

Her long smooth hair was unkempt. She had no make-up on. The beautiful lines of her slender body were emboldened through the silk dressing gown she wore. Her gray eyes held an almost unearthly light. She ran up to Samara:

"Get out of my house," she cried.

Blackjack had moved between the two women. He had enough trouble without another fight between them. He held Augustine back. He turned to Augustine and told her:

"Go on back to the kitchen."

Augustine stared at him a moment. She had never heard Blackjack use this tone of voice before. It was the voice of a man used to having people obey him, a voice which brooked no resistance. She gave Samara one more venomous look, then whirled and marched back toward the rear of the house.

Blackjack took Samara's arm and led her to the parlor. She sat on a sofa Samara said nothing, though now her tears were dry. Blackjack stood over her. Her almost hypnotic power over him thickened the atmosphere. He had to fight to keep from pulling her to her feet

and smothering her with kisses. It was always thus when she appeared. She was like some magic spirit which drove away all but itself when it appeared. The very air changed. Now it was scented with the exotic cologne water Samara used. The air about them had the strange musky odor of some tropical plant. Blackjack suddenly felt very warm. The air of the room was sultry. He wiped his hand across his forehead.

Before he knew it Samara had risen and was in his arms. He felt the luscious body caressing his, at first lightly and then with violence. It seemed she tried to work herself into becoming a part of him. Her lips were volcanoes of fire. He helped her with all his strength until she winched with pain, but the pain was the pain she loved.

They were frozen together there in the hot room on Arlington Street yet neither had said a word. Her long fingers were caressing the back of his neck as he kissed her. Her sailor hat was awry. Her well kept hair was becoming mussed. The pristine white blouse was being creased.

Then suddenly he flung her from him. She staggered back.

"Blackjack," she cried in amazement.

"Sit down," he ordered her roughly.

He started pacing up and down the room.

"Why did you come here?" he flung at her.

"I had to," she told him. "They said you were going to marry her."

Blackjack looked down at her.

"I am," he said coolly.

"And if you do," she said, "I'll really kill you."

(Continued on page 23)

Road by the River

(What has happened: the author, Louis George, by use of his resemblance to the prison chaplain, escapes death row, meets Modestine and the two fall for each other so deeply that she hides him in her family's cabin down by the Delaware River. He leaves there the rainy next morning, catches the bus to Burlington in which town he must find evidence to clear himself. But on the bus he meets a very slim but attractive singer and they ride to Burlington together. At the station they part but George sees a man standing near. The man he recognizes as Steve and knows he is the key to the murder of George's white employers daughter, for which crime George himself has been mistakenly convicted. Steve immediately recognizes George and crosses the street to tell a cop that George is a fugitive from the Death House)

CHAPTER V

By LOUIS GEORGE

When this white fellow Steve walked fast toward that cop near the station in Burlington I knew I had to act fast. Now already the fat cop was watching the man approach him, as if he knew something was up.

As I explained earlier when the chips are down I don't know what fear is. My chief emotion then is curiosity. I acted at once. I simply ran after Steve and as I ran I shouted:

"Stop thief! Stop that man! He stole my wallet on the train."

My outcry threw the cop into action. Steve was trying to shout to the cop who I was. But I'll say this about the Burlington police. They hate thieves. We both arrived at the big cop at the same moment.

Steve was trying to say: "Arrest this man. He's - - he's - -"

But I didn't give him a chance.

"Give me my money," I shouted. "Give me my money."

The cop was now disgusted.

"Shut up both of you," he ordered. Steve tried to go on speaking. He kept pointing at me.

I knew the fact I was colored weighed against me. But now I remembered something. I knew this cop. When I was a little boy he used to guard us crossing the street from school. I tried to remember his name, but couldn't. Perhaps the Burlington boys have a mark on them, perhaps not. But somehow I knew the cop was on my side. He seemed to know I was a native. And both of us knew that Steve was not a native. Come to think of it, had he been a native I would probably have known him years ago, for Burlington is a small town. Now I recalled this fellow, who used to come to my employer's house, was from a town down state, somewhere near Camden.

"I'll run you both in if you don't shut up," the cop said.

(Continued on page 30)



The Best Dressed Men

By REBECCA NEWBY

WE'VE ALL HEARD OF THE "BEST DRESSED" MEN, BUT HOW MANY OF US HAVE SEEN THEM? I WROTE THIS COLUMN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 1950, AND SINCE THEN I HAVE BEEN VISITING THE HOMES OF THE MOST FAMOUS MEN IN THE WORLD, AND I HAVE BEEN IMPRESSED BY THE WAY THEY DRESS. THEY ARE MEN WHO ARE WITTY, INTELLIGENT AND PERSONABLE.

The Story of Flo Wright

By ALICE RICHARDS

Her mother was a missionary and she started singing with her at the age of 3. She writes poetry, and has a three-year old son and she likes to cook.

This is part of the fascinating story of 21 year old Florence Wright the singing star who has catapulted to fame by her recording of "Deal Me A Hand" and "The Game of Broken Hearts".

Flo, nicknamed by her friends "Flossie" was born in Orange, August 28, 1928 the daughter of Clifford and the late Mary Barnette and her mother was a missionary who sang and played the tenor sax. Flo sang in choruses at school and in the Junior Choir of the Church of God in Christ on Oakwood Ave. in Orange. Few then knew the child would become a number one hit in '49.

Her two sisters and three brothers are all residents of Orange and she was graduated from Orange High School where she starred in English and wrote a "Dedication to the Orange Honor Roll" and one of the City Commissioners liked it so much that he had a brass plaque made with the poem inscribed thereon and it was hung in the City Hall.

Florence sang at Hotel Sutbrban in East Orange while still in school and won an amateur contest at a school recreation center. She worked in industry for a while after graduation and later married Willie Wright prominent guitarist in November of 1946. They moved to Newark where they now reside.

It was in '47 that she started working

with Pancho Diggs on one night stands. Her first nite club appearance was at Lloyd's Manor in 1947 where she worked for two weeks. She then went to Dodger's Grill with Herbie Scott.

It was just last year when a friend took a playback of a recording made at Coleman Studios to International Records studios in New York. The record was "Deal Me A Hand". (The song, by the way, was written by her uncle Arthur Clark).

So enthused was the company over the record that they sent for her right away and immediately, signed her to a contract. A month later she made a master recor of "Deal Me A Hand" and "The Game of Broken Hearts". The record sold well from the start.

Her close friends call her Flossie and when she first became popular they didn't realize it was the same person. At home she is an ideal housewife and her favorite garb at home consists of slacks and a polo skirt. Her three year old son, Willie Jr. is nicknamed "Dodo!!

Florence likes to cook and her favorite dish is "Egg on a Cloud"

"You separate the white and yolk of an egg and beat the white," she described "You toast a slice of bread lightly, butter it and take the yolk and put it on the toast. You let it all brown in the oven then take the beaten white and put it over the yolk, returning it to the oven to brown. It is delicious."

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FLORENCE WRIGHT

Tiny Prince Spiels

IN NEW JERSEY and NEW YORK

SHOW FACTS —

Who's who in New Jersey's popular music and entertainment world - Surprise vocal group "Realm Riders", The Billy Ford Band, Betty Drenay as No. 1 Vocalist, Male Vocalist Google Eyes king of the blues. The all star first place is arranger Duke Anderson, Alto, Danny Quebec, Tenor, Henry Durant, Baritone, Billy Harris, Trumpet Al Armstrong, Trombone, Fats Morris, Piano, LaRue Jordan, Guitar, Eddie Wright, Drums Danny Gibson, Bass, Buzz Johnson, and entertainer Red Foxx . . . Wow! what a nite special awards went to Ike Quebec, Bobbie Platter, Bill Cook and Babs Gonzales. Sarah Vaughn our own home town girl didn't show up, Folks are saying, "She is too big for our little city". . . Among the guests Doris and Anthony Hinton, Frances Jones, Catherine Bailey, Hattie Myricks, Evelyn Miller, Betty Graham, Dorothy Whittle, Emily Myles, Janet Beadle, Theresa Ross, Frederick Middleton, Leonardo Hurd, Minnie Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Davis, Roselle Reid, Clayton Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Lawther, Erma Lowery, Ida O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alyes, Dorothy Yancey, and Doris Brown of Cliffwood, Larry Williams, Joe Manning, Tony Jenkins, Robert Gatis, Evelyn Samford, Tommy Smart, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Davis of Vauxhall, Queensella Williams, Margaret Douglas, Bayonne, Flora Wagstiff, Pancho Diggs, Ella Moncur, and many others.

Fashion Flash

Bobby Peale wearing a dark blue 2 button S. B. suit, black shoes, white shirt, blue grey tie Brooklyn-ite De'lores Mes-sick wearing a complete red suit with royal blue suede shoes and that fluffy hardy

CAFE AU-LAIT SOCIETY-NEW YORK —

Did you know that big time success hasn't effected Ruth Brown, she is still "A Chick From Home". 5.15 Sunday morning guest were still balling like mad in her room at the Theresa Hotel. Among the guests was her charming young sister Goldie, who has a personality made for radio and television. . . Jules Bryant, dress designer and Elaine, his sister. Douglas Holmes, Dolly Connors, Little Joe of Calypso Boys and Clarence Hayes, what an informal nite. Russ Brown and his Versatiles, open up at Pleasant Grove Inn, Cliffwood, N. J. P. S. the hot chicken and barbecue is great. Candy Johnson in town looking great. . . Just for the records, the band list as Joe Melody's at Lloyd's Jan. 14th with Miss Brown was Louie Jordan's group, he is resting in the hospital. Bill Cooks Caravan - Tillie Caldwell wife of our favorite singer plays excellent piano, Earl Garner and Larry Darnell all guests in one week. Plus Sweet Meat

Alice Thomas, Lillian Morgan and Helen Williams lucious peeping. Frankie Lane coming at some late date plus Mr. Google Eyes who just left Club Mombasi

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People's Choice

By JIMMIE PITTS

Getting more on the serious side this week I am asking all my readers to get in step with the March of Dimes Parade and give, for you are helping some unfortunate kid....the Gentlemen's S. C. of Orange is having its initial dance at Club Harold in February....Mary Williams likes her hamburgers after hours in White Castle style....Aza Garva Jr. is still a bachelor....Joe Raymond popular bartender at Conlon's Cocktail bar....

Rumored that Olivia Kelly and Al Lovett are on the outs.... Buck Wheat of Orange has matrimony eyes for Georgiana.... Les Coeur Deux (Sweethearts) of the Oranges: Pearl Overby, president, Tony Kirkley, Renee Alexander, Gene Wilkenson, Georgia Goode, Doris Peterson, Betty Hayes, Mary Witchord.... Doris Haves seems to be cooling all the locals since my boy Gene left....glad to see Irma Love back in circulation.

Musicians contest was a great hit at the Downbeat, given by After Hours and pulling a mad crowd that filled the place....Sara Vaughn says all her nights are her greatest night life thrills....Mike Flanigan is

getting a musical troupe together, promoted by Savoy Shorty....Who is the lovely young miss whom Billy Edwards has eyes for, she is from Montclair....Bill Chapman and partner made audition for an overseas show....Ray Vandever is making a fast comeback....La Vera Conover should be elected for General Instrument bathing girls.

Mummies S. C. plans great things for 1950 with a big affair due soon....Teddy Powell opens new office at 188 Belmont....Peggy Riley can't make up her mind, Jimmie or Donald; P. S. hubby also....Lionel Hampton due here in February....Dug Ruth Brown and Mike Flanigan chatting at Thompson's after hours....Albert Gittis has great eyes for Rozelle Reed; they make a good couple....Legal holiday for pot wrestlers every Thursday from 1:15 P.M. to 5:30 A.M....Ida Barnhill seen around a lot....Ted Whittle and his lovely miss enjoying a game at Armory.

Mr. Overby sports promotor of Orange has famous Globe Trotters listed next....Jimmie Hetrick and girl got big kick out of the ball game....Smitty of Downbeat has competition as dancing waiter....Please give to the March of Dimes....God bless you.

S T Y L E

By ENEA WATSON

Despite all the hullabaloo about whether the "flapper figure" is on its way back, there WILL be a "new look" in women's clothes this spring. But wise girls will shy away from some of the extremes which may come on the market in the wake of the current style revolution.

A breath of nostalgia for the 'twenties is in the air; of that there can be no doubt. But that doesn't mean that milady need make herself over into a latter-day Clara Bow. The theatre, Tin Pan Alley and the publicists are conspiring to make us all homesick for the days of bath tub gin and the flier, but there's no strong indication that waistlines are going to skid down to the pevis again.

This New Look already has gained full-blown success in hairdos and hats. The current rage in coiffures is little more than a variation of the old "windblown" most of us remember - - even though we hesitate to admit to recalling anything that far back. And the cloche helmet is virtually the same bonnet the John Held flapper clapped onto her giddy noggin.

But from the neck down the New Look is going to more 1950 than 1925. The soft, rounded shoulder is here to stay for a while and will be more than ever in evidence in spring suit and coat lines. Be ware of that "football player" look across the shoulders and remember that the dress-maker suit is a better bet these days than the squarely tailored model.

Hot on the latest scent from Paris,

American designers are following suit and putting lots of emphasis on sleeves. Big, ballooning elbows and trick cuff styles are going to be the mark of the new season. (But they are NOT for the stout girl, no matter what fashion hucksters say!) Waistlines are going to stay natural but hip emphasis may appear in the form of pockets or yoke effects to give the longer look that seems to be gaining popularity. Skirt lengths will stay about as they are (a little higher than midcalf, varying to figure type) for at least another season.

Soft wools and similar materials are best calculated to pan out well in the new suit styles. Tweeds will be confined of course to the more tailored suits which should be chosen conservatively with a view to long time wear. In coats, tweeds are winning favor with many designers and there's no doubt about it a tweed coat is a good buy for season-in-season-out practically.

One of the decade's biggest revolutions in fashion is evident more in spring and fall fashions than at any other time of year: Color. The pastels and blurred shades which were so popular for years are definitely passe. Style leaders decree that color should be deep and brilliant rather than discreet as in the past. "Grayed" shades are still popular, but you'll notice that they are accented with exciting, vibrant notes in trim or acces-

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Looking Straight

By EVELYN BOYDEN

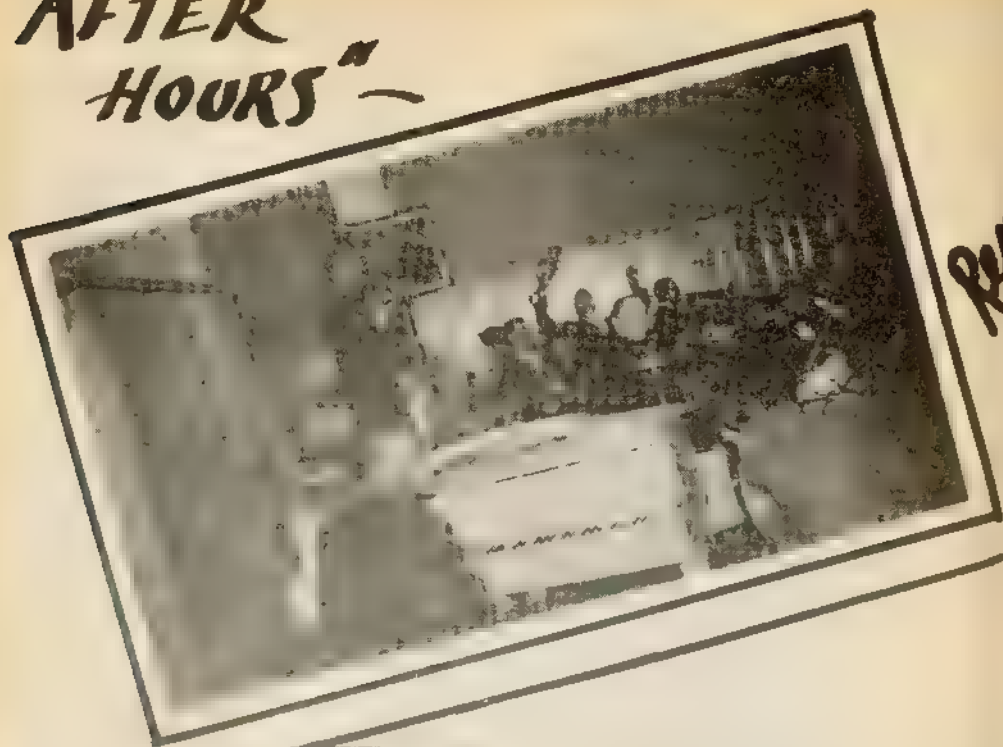
We cannot Look Straight without pausing to look back briefly on some of the events that brought 1949 to a happy conclusion....

To start off the holiday season the YM-YWCA Council sponsored a holiday party for their close friends....the hostess, Helen E. Dawkins (Medical Social Worker) of 19 Vanderpool Street, Newark, N. J. provided the proper atmosphere. Her newly decorated game room, with bar, etc....Among the scores or more guests: Ralph Jacob and fiancée one of popular Alston Twins of E. Orange, N. J....Amy Booth, former YWCA Adult Program Director, over from Brooklyn....in brand new Xmas Gift...."50" Olds mobile....our young legal advisor, Harry Hazelwood, Jr. along with Benjamin Collier of N. J. Urban League....stopping by en route to a Frat meeting....and later returning to join in the festivities.

From "Manhattan City"...Roy Anderson former member of Jersey's well known social set, "Magnificent Wacks"Leona

Houston and several friends.... Stella Lewis, (Council Treasurer) ably assisting Eugene Bouie who planned and prepared entire buffet menu for the eveningJay Ward, Seton Hall Senior, with quite a "gift of gab".... AFTER HOURS editor Harry Webber and art editor Al Madison....keeping eyes open for news items....attractive Hortense Hudson from Orange....Ed Morgan, tenor singer, who found it necessary to make a hasty departure...."previous engagement" we later learned.... "interesting" Bill Davis....Marie and Charles Whigham....who dropped in for a few brief minutes....Colin Charles of East Orange....Myrtle Hayes arriving definitely, "After Hours"....Jim Sherman squiring council member Mary Hembry....Robert Andrews....one of famed "Graham Family"....Rose May Holly, on holiday from teaching duties at Children's Village....with Council Vice Prexy Eugene Slaughter....and we hear they are definitely "that way, about each other!"....Julie Burrell, whom we have not seen since her Morgan State College days.... Alphonso Tindall, arriving somewhat later in evening....a phone call from Fred Jenkins, Dental Surgeon, expressing regrets at not being able to make party....

"AFTER HOURS"



JOHNNY JACKSON and His Society Orchestra (1939-40-41)

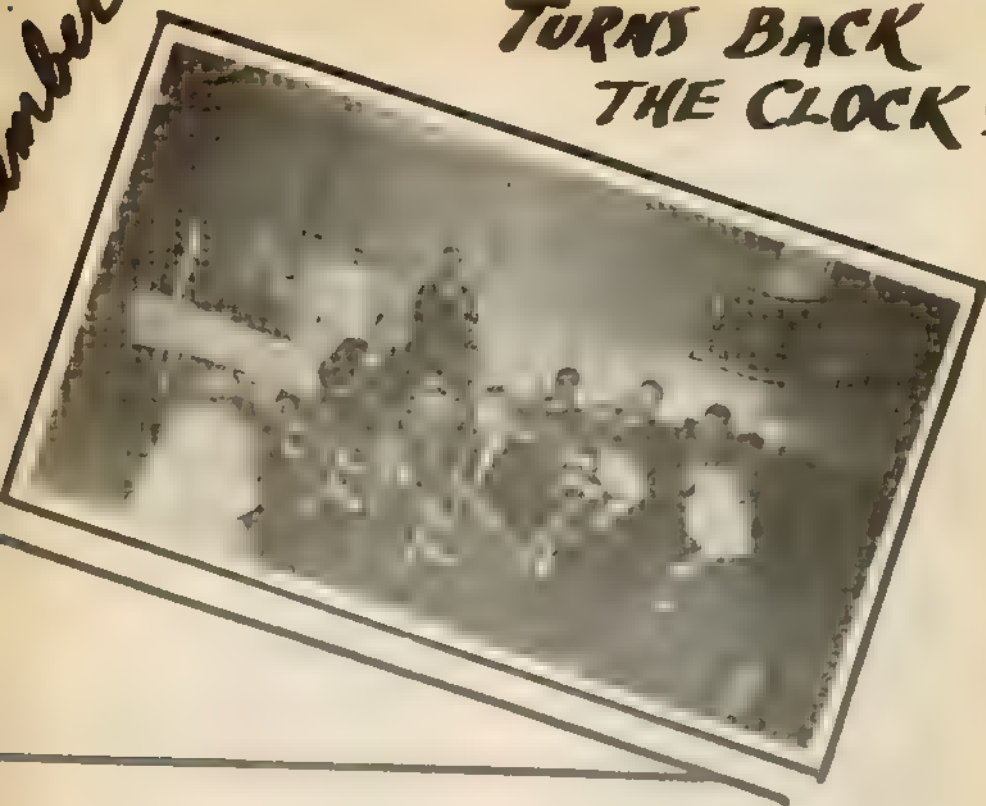
By BOB QUEEN

The photo above will recall fond memories with North Jerseyites who danced, and still dance to the music of Johnny Jackson's Orchestra. The pictures were taken at the famed Skateland Ballroom at a dance given by the Viking Tennis Club nearly ten years ago. Located on Montgomery St., facing Somerset St., Newark, the former dance spot is now a tractor-trailer sales and service shop.

The Johnny Jackson band has remained in demand by social clubs even though many aggregations rated by some as being superior, have forged into the limelight and faded into oblivion. In the photo on the left is seen Clem Moorman, then pianist, who has since hit the big time circuit with the Piccadilly Pipers featuring Newark's Ernie Ransome and Bonnie Banks. At the drums is George Hyman who has since retired from the

umber?

Turns Back THE CLOCK!



music field and rarely picks up the drumsticks.

In the photo on the right and in the foreground is Mark Turner, at that time fresh out of the Erskine Hawkins band where as a multi-gangster, he had rode to fame via the smash hit "Cherry". He is now an East Orange, N.J. photographer. Jack seen himself on the sax at the old Turner and Alvin's in the center. The two peering into the camera of the lower left is the group of Jersey City.

The other members of the band, seen at the top of the group are Vey, Wilton, bass, Ed, Howard, and the other. The other members are Charley Carter and Lawrence. Mark is a former member of the Erskine Hawkins band. Present band members are Ken, Ed, and Alvin. The other band members are Jim, Ed, and Howard. Katherine Thompson is vocalist.

Jersey Glitter

By DAVIS and CUNNINGHAM

"Local girl gets good start on Broadway" Delores Jackson is playing in the hit play "Caesar and Cleopatra". Our gift to the fairer sex H. B. Scott is also scoring in the Broadway newcomer and big hit: "Member of the Wedding". Scoop of the year: John Miller was finally hooked; he married a very attractive young lady from Buffalo. George Taylor and Helen Decker at long last announced their wedding plans; best of luck. Lila Fleming of J. C. and John Ralph of Bayonne have also decided that two can live as cheaply as one. The date is set for January 29. Congrats.

A people's political organization has been formed under the name of the "Young Peoples Democratic Association of Hudson County". It is open to all and its purpose is to give the young people a political voice in our city, county and state; also to teach and encourage the younger people to take an active part in running the government. Board of strategy will be Ray Brown, Richard Smith Jr. Robert Gates, John Sonarro, John Snesi. Their program deals with civil rights, vets problems, housing, securing of jobs and handling grievances. Officers will be selected by members and not appointed before the club is organized. The first meeting will be held in February of 1950 at the 8th Ward Democratic Club located on Jackson Ave and Oak Streets.

Hope you girls put in for the Jersey City policewomen's exam. We certainly can use some.

The Elks Forum conducted by Pride of Jersey Lodge No. 22 and Pride of Jersey Temple No. 98 in the Elks home 741

Ocean Ave., Jersey City, made history last Sunday with one of the most outstanding programs ever presented before several hundred guests. Hon. James E. Williams executive chairman of the Potier Democratic Association of Jamaica, L. I. and Louis E. Saunders were chief speakers. Rev. J. W. Wright, Coreania Hayman, Samuel Gayle, Viola J. LaHon and Pontier Williams of Jamaica, Betty Rostle, Audrey Crump, Veronica Moore, Remer Lee, Helen Gordon, Gladys Lotheridge and Carol Ann Williams were on the program. Robert S. Hartgrove gave an address and prominent elks on hand included Louis E. Williams, George Izquierdo, Reginald Bythewood, Daughter Bythewood, Fred Cochrane, Manuel Santana, Joseph A. Blackman, George H. Gordan, Lillian Reid and Carter Jackson all of N. Y. The next program will be Feb. 12.

Tiny Prince

(Continued from page 16)

Happy birthdays to R. Brown, Wally and William Davis, and Betty Davis Bridge Club, Jan McCormack, Larry Smith Brooklyn-ites escorting Fashion Editor Rebecca Newby. Ace Harris rejoins Hawkins Orchestra. Boy that 2-in-1 Club in Morristown, N. J. really jumps like mad every Wed. Owl Club, Beehive of activity, folks on hand Elizabeth Lovett, Harry Van Dyke, Doc Cooper, Savoy Shorty and a man of the year Mike Flanagan. Hope that Danny Gibson, Mary Jones and June Brown have recovered from their illness. Piccadilly folks bought spot in Seacucus, N. J. named D. D. Tammy Robinson of Indians visiting here won first prize at Lloyd's Tuesday Amateur nite, Nacki Sacki Jackie M. C. and manager. F Watch for the Girl of Year Contest.

King of Arlington

(Continued from page 11)

"Samara," he said and stopped to light a cigar he took from the dressing gown pocket. "You'll have to understand. I don't intend to give you up for Augustine. I guess I love both of you. Each appeals in a different way. But I have to marry Augustine."

She looked at him and asked.

"And what about me?"

Blackjack did not reply for a moment

"You and I would never make it married," he replied slowly. "We get along because both of us are wild. Marriage would end all that."

"What do you mean?" Blackjack.

"I'll be married to Augustine and also to you, in a way."

Samara rose and started out the room.

"You bastard," she hissed at him. "I'll never be a mistress to you. What do you think I am, one of these Arlington Street hussies?"

"O, Hell, Samara." Blackjack said walking after her. "There's no law for people like us"

Samara continued walking toward the door saying nothing. Blackjack's eyes wandered down her back and a strange glitter came into those eyes. He reached out and pulled her back into the room. He raised one hand and slapped her face hard

"Don't ever walk out on me," he ordered her.

Samara had winced a moment and

even reeled a little from the slap. But she was a strong girl. Quick as a flash she rushed into him and slapped him on the face almost as hard as he had her.

Then Blackjack only laughed.

Samara's angry face softened now.

She began to smile a little wickedly. It seemed both of them understood each other too well. She walked up to him and now her smile had widened. He kissed her lightly on the lips. And then she walked away this time. At the door she turned around

"I'll see you about eight," he told her

And she was gone.

Now Blackjack stood there a moment or two, pulling on the long thin cigar. He couldn't understand himself. Now that Samara was gone all his thoughts were returned to Augustine. He wanted to join her in the kitchen immediately. I guess Samara is my evil spirit, he reflected. It seemed to him that no woman's body would ever be like Samara's. Even now he was restless that she had gone. But, just the same, he wanted to marry only Augustine, Augustine of the wide gray eyes, Augustine of the long black hair. He remembered how she looked that first night on Arlington Street when she attacked him with a knife, how she was later walking up Arlington switching her hips in the night.

He left the room and moved back to the kitchen. The aroma of the evening meal reached his nostrils. He began to envision the joys of home life Samara

(Continued on page 24)

King of Arlington

(Continued from page 23)

now began to run out of his thoughts.

Augustine was busy at the stove. She didn't turn around just yet.

"I got rid of her," Blackjack broke the silence.

Augustine whirled around, a large spoon in her hand. She had on a gaily colored apron and her hair was loosely drawn on top of her head. Whatever she was Augustine was neat as a pin. Her pots and pans glistened in the late afternoon light. A table was set with everything in place. The silver on the white cloth gleamed.

But she didn't say a word.

"Come on Augustine," Blackjack said. "Forget it."

She broke her silence.

"What has she got I don't have?" Augustine asked.

Blackjack was taken aback.

"I don't know," he answered. "She has nothing you don't have, but you have something she hasn't."

"What?"

"I can't describe it. But that's why I'm marrying you."

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning, as soon as we get up."

"When will you see her again."

"I'll probably see her around."

"It's funny," Augustine said, "but if she were not in love with you I'd probably

like her. She's so dignified. As it is I hate her."

"After all I'm a single man - - until morning, at least."

The evening meal progressed. The sun went down and Augustine lit the gas light.

"I got to get that lot up on the corner," Blackjack said. "I want to build a house there. But it will take a lot of money. I think I'll turn this floor into a tavern and gambling house. We can live upstairs."

"I have some money from my father," Augustine said.

"How much?"

"A few thousand."

Blackjack considered.

"I'll open up a club like Arlington has never seen. I'll call it the Augustine Club."

They laughed over this as they drank their coffee.

But just then the bell rang.

Blackjack answered. Two men stood there. Each had drawn guns.

"Narcotics bureau," they announced. "Come along Mr. King."

(Continued next week)

LOOKING STRAIGHT

(Continued from page 19)

Exciting were the moments during which the laughter stopped, and the music stopped while Bob Leake, Council Prexy introduced Bob Queen, newspaperman,, and Council Advisor since its infancy, four years or so ago....and presented him with cowhide leather initialed brief case....he was quite proud and quite surprised.... "words seemed to fail him and he said he felt a bit weak in the knees"....The Council was rightly proud of him and his loyalty to the group....(incidentally Bob wrote play which won Council first prize last year's Delta Jabberwock)....

Other Council Members include, Hattie Beckwith, John Herbert, Stirling Rozier, Richard Curry, Jerome Wilson, Bernice Simpkins, Anne Brown, Pauline Murphy, Millicent Ophlin, Imogene Blount, Vera Ashley, Audrey Bowers, Theresa Desmond Hazel Hill, Vilma Hatcher....and several others....

Watch for next week's column when we

LOOK STRAIGHT AT SOME OTHER SOCIAL EVENTS....

Fields Fotos

By MABLE FIELDS

The T. Bar on Market Street has added a small half-oval stage and a show headlining Gracie Smith and the Phillips Brothers. James Davis plans to go to engineering school this fall. Vera Foster is contemplating joining A.H. staff. Bably Ashley being auditioned by his agent for concert. Novelty Bar drawing sedate crowd. Reese Larue has taken Connecticut by storm, having been frequently interviewed on Yale Radio Station. Lawrence will enter Katharyn Dunham dancing school. contact Mabel Fields, HU. 5-0799 to put in news of whats happening.

style

(Continued from page 18)

saries. Very pale shades are still fashionable of course, but NOT the run-of-the-mill pastel blues, pinks or greens. This spring (as last fall) the pale shades are in the puce, tan, gray, amethyst or gold category, avoiding the sweeter colors.

Navy blue, gray, brown and black are naturally the standards this as every season. And in that range the smart shopper can't go wrong. But dark-skinned women should beware the wrong shade of brown in clothing. A good rule to go by if you aren't sure of the flattering shade of brown is to avoid the color altogether. If you MUST wear brown, keep it away from your face. Wear it with contrasting collar and hat shades.

Don't forget, girls, if there's any question you'd like to ask about thir or foregoing columns, just drop a line to yor AFTER HOURS style consultant



Business Man is also Singer

By ALICE RICHARDS

JOSEPH REID, proprietor of Reid's Upholstery Shop at 559½ Freeman Street, Orange, is one of the country's most successful younger businessmen. He resides on Thompkin St., in West Orange, attended West Orange High, lived in Newark until 1941 when he entered the Army. When he left the Army he worked at Ford's in Edgewater and in 1948 bought a shoe shine parlor on Freeman Street in Orange. He later attended the School of Upholstery Trade School on Broad Street, Newark and graduated in 1949 after which he went into that business. He is enthusiastic about upholstery business, is son of Mary and the late James Reid, has two sisters and six brothers, is very ambitious, friendly, loves to sing and has sung with Toggo Smith and his band. He weighs 184 pounds, is 5 ft 11 inches tall, has brown eyes, loves calypso and is good at it, and his hobby is baseball.

He likes spaghetti and champagne, likes girls with ability and business interests; is a James Edwards fan and two years ago won first prize in a contest in Broad Theatre by singing the old favorite, "Long Ago and Far Away."

South Jersey Night Life

By BOB QUEEN

Trenton's nitelife crowd and Mrs. average citizen alike are awaiting the very first attempt at a Cocktail Sip and Fashion Show combined at the Harlem Club, Rose St. and Brunswick Ave. on Sunday Feb. 19, 1950 The affair will be sparkled by original designs by Mrs. Mary Moreland of the Lincoln Homes whose success as a modiste has been widespread. A native of Georgia, and a popular figure in Trenton, she has a number of outstanding women among her clientele. Trentonians who have visited several of the same type of fashion shows at Harlem's Small's Paradise, are awaiting the initial presentation with great enthusiasm. Along the the same pattern, the local show will be enhanced by the presentation of the current Harlem Club entertainment and music. Negotiations are under way to bring in a prominent commentator.

The latest dope on the Palace Blue Room in Rahway is that the spot has closed due to a spat between the ownership. seems that one half of the corporation wants to buy the other half, who is balking. Doles Dickens and his five pieces (Decca Recording artists) moving into 'Chubby's Camden, N. J., after packing Philly's Showboat. Doles is a Passaic N. J. lad who has gone places. In the group, Joe Gregory is on drums.

Regina Brown, Trenton's 'Miss Sepia America' of 1949, is headed for the profession of nursing, thus dropping the veil of glamour for a life of service to hu-

manity. Willram (Bill) Hill, top man in the loudspeaker and recording yusiness has moved ahead into a later model car.

Topic of conversation in Trenton these days, is the meteoric rise of Charley Williams into the presidency of the famed Tuxedo Club, the community's oldest men's club. Williams, member for only a year, has rapidly climbed to the forefront in not only the Tuxedo Club, but the community in general. The Tux group, on their property at Bank and Willow St., is a favorite gathering place of the members and their guests where drinks are served at one of South Jersey's most beautiful bars. The club's real estate holdings are said to reach 30 grand.

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Trenton Club! Fai-Ho-Cha

By BOB QUEEN

It has been nearly 12 years now since a group of Trenton girls organized for the purpose of rendering a community service. They felt that their purpose should be reflected in the club's name. Thus the name 'Fai-Ho-Cha' came into existence. The name represents abbreviation of the words, 'Faith, Hope and Charity'.

In November 1939, they gave one of their first novel charity dances. Called a Pre-Xmas Frolic, the subscribers were required to each bring a toy, new or repainted, and the collection was later distributed to underprivileged children who had no assurance of a joyful season. The affair was given at the Sunlight Elks Auditorium (now Carver Center) with

music by Doug Moyer's Band of Philly.

In December of 1949, the Fai-Ho-Chas were still rolling along the path of community service, for from the proceeds of a dance the week before Christmas, they presented Carver Community Center with a check of a substantial amount. Their total charities over the years have run into the thousands of dollars.

The photo appearing in AFTER HOURS is one of the earliest taken of the group, having been snapped at a Barn Dance presented by them before Pearl Harbor. Many of the members in the photo have since married and resigned. A few are still on the membership. New members have replaced those who have left.

(Continued on page 34)

Florence Wright

(Continued from page 14)

She also likes to make potato salad. She doesn't eat breakfast often, eats lunch at 12 or 1 and dinner at 7:30 just before leaving for an appearance. She drinks gin and coke with lemon.

She loves home life and expects to have a nice home in the suburbs soon. She admits she wants one more child later on. She dislikes card playing but likes horseback riding and tennis.

Florence is 5 feet 2 and $\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall or short whichever way you want it. She is petite, attractive and has an elfin quality, a delicacy that makes her extremely feminine. Usually she wears her hair upswept because it is easier to keep it intact, especially when she is rushed.

However, she is planning to have her hair cut soon. She likes white linen suit with red accessories in summer and black dress draped in winter. She prefers sports clothes and her favorite and most comfortable garb is slacks. When she is rushed she can dress in 15 minutes.

She loves dancing, especially the modern versions.

"I attended dancing school when a child," she told me. "It was for one year at the St. Francis hotel in Newark. I also studied for a time in New York.

She feels quite at home at formal because she is accustomed to wearing gowns.

"I suppose I feel I was born to sing," she admitted. "I never had much training but always dreamed of being a star. However, I never thought I would make it. I would like to be able to sing be-bop but I feel I don't know enough about it.

I can't sing blues but I like them. My best are sentimental songs."

Her favorite are Billy Eckstine, and Fran Warren and she likes to sing with Joe Manning on the piano. She loves all types of music, especially the classic "Pierre Lunaire" by Schoenberg. She prefers pop, however.

Florence said she had none of her recordings at her home.

Asked how she felt when she heard her own voice played back to her she said:

"At first it sounded strange but now I am not aware of it unless attention is drawn to the fact."

When asked how she now liked the two numbers she had recorded she said she has sung them so much now that she is tired of them.

"I hate to have a person commend my performance when I know it is bad," she said at one point. "I can tell insincerity when I hear it. I would like to write the lyrics to "Man with a Horn" for I feel it would make a hit for me."

At first Florence did not like Newark but she now feels it is a nice town.

At night she wears a nightgown rather than pajamas, feels her husband is a gone saxist and hopes someday he will be on top.

She does not think modern man is observant of marriage rules.

"It seems there are no rules nowadays," she declared.

"Those of yesteryear are out, otherwise I would not be able to be a career girl. I could be a housewife only."

Florence hopes to sing at the Blue Note in Chi some day. Right now she is a frequent attraction at the Club Caravan on Bedford Street.

Road by the River

(Continued from page 12)

That was the last thing I wanted. My goose was cooked if I ever hit the police station. Then something very unexpected happened. I happened to touch my inside pocket and my wallet was not there. All the time I had been sure it was there with Modestine's money in it. Now I whirled around toward the station in alarm.

The girl I had met on the bus, was hurrying toward me. I saw now that she held my wallet in her hand. She reached us as we stood there in odd attitudes, the cop suspicious, Steve momentarily voiceless and I staring at the girl.

"Here, you dropped this as you ran," Pearl White said. But this was all I needed.

I turned to face the cop and Steve.

"It was he who dropped it," I replied. "I didn't notice. He took it and dropped it when I chased him."

Steve looked as if he could kill me, for if he had killed my boss's daughter, he could kill again. There was death in his eyes, death for me. He seemed to know he was trapped.

But before he could say anything the cop spoke to him.

"Where you from?" he asked.

"I'm not the man you want, "Steve said, "there's the man you want. He's - -"

But the cop was not interested.

"Run along," the cop now shouted at Steve. "Both of you get along or I'll run you both in. I don't know what your game is but this colored boy has his wallet and thots that."

"But officer - - " Steve protested.

The cop raised his nightstick.

"I said move along."

I walked away and joined Pearl. Steve also walked away and kept looking back. I knew he would, eventually get his story told. In addition a small crowd was gathering. I didn't want to be recognized. I hurried Pearl down a side street, walking very fast.

"What's it all about?" she asked.

"Just a guy who hates me," I told her.

We soon arrived in the colored section and I slowed down. I had to get under cover but I also had to watch Steve, for he was the man who would prove my innocence. I figured he would go to the police station.

Frankly I did not know what to do now. And when I am stuck like that I usually just relax and let events take their course. A solution usually presents itself then.

We stopped at the club where the girl was to work that night. I knew I was courting recognition every moment, but I have found that the public rarely recognizes celebrities whether they be connected with crime, politics or movies. It is only when someone points them out that the public in general becomes aware. Trained observers such as bartenders, newspapermen and the like do recognize them.

I studied the lone bartender as we entered. But his face was unfamiliar. I felt that he was from out of town. Then we started ordering drinks. I didn't want to stay there too long. The girl was drinking rather fast. She was also grow ing more and more amorous. She would lean over from her seat and rest herself

(Continued on page 31)

Road by the River

(Continued from page 30)

against me. I had to kiss her several times when the bartender was on the other side. Gradually I began to forget my own risk because she excited me more. I thought of Modestine in snatches.

I asked her where she was going to stay. It seems they had a room for the entertainer right there in the building.

"Hadn't we better look at it?" I asked.

She turned around and smiled wickedly at me and I knew we would not only look at that room but be there for a while. We went outside and up some steps. The place had a battered look but the room was not bad. We had no sooner entered then she flung her frail self against me. Her body seemed made of flame and I have never experienced such intensity. She seemed to live for the moment only and all her life was concentrated into that moment. I knew she would be hurt many times and, in the end, become a bitter woman.

She started changing into more comfortable things right there before me. She was quite unembarrassed and I saw her shape was perfect even though on the slim side. There was a pay station in the room and she called down and ordered a set-up.

"I feel like getting lousy drunk" she said. "I haven't had a man for months."

When the drinks came I found I was telling her my story, I just said I was in a jam and had been falsely accused. But she seemed so interested and the liquor was making me talk so fast that I finally blurted the whole thing out.

I don't know whether she got the full import of what I was saying because she

demanding affection every few minutes and kept sitting on my lap and kissing me frequently. I believe she thought that all my recent experiences had happened sometime ago, that I had been afficilly freed and that now I was trying to clear my name.

"What you need is a lawyer," she finally said. "Wait; I have the man."

She went to the pay station and called a man named Marty. Later I learned he owned the place. He was a tough little white man, but was one of the type who knew Negroes well.

I told him my story. He listened impassively and at the end he remembered me.

"I remember your old man. He used to come in here." x

"He died a few years ago," I told Marty.

"The only thing I know is to get the story to an interestetd party. The assistant D. A. is a friend of mine and he might investigate. But you'll have to give yourself up."

"Right now?" I asked him.

"Lets make it in the morning," he he said as he rose to go.

That gave me a few hours of security.

After Marty left we didn't pretend any longer. Later we went to sleep and I had a dream that Modestine was drowning in a rising river and I was chained to the shore and couldn't save her. I kept shouting to her.

Then I wakened and it was someone else shouting. There was a pounding on the door and a gruff voice shouting: "Open up in the name of the law."

I recognized the voice of the fat policeman down near the station.

(Continued next week)



Calling All Sports

By JIMMIE PITTS

CHARLES WEBB son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb of 31 Somerset Street, Newark is a graduate of South Side High School, an All-city star, lover of baseball and president of the Exclusive Arcadians and a Roy Campanella fan.

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Club World Society

By MELONEE H. JONES

MID-WINTER DANCES MAKE THE SO-
CIAL CALENDAR GO WHIRLING —

January is the month for gala events for dances at Club Fratics - The 21st marked the calendar for three socials. At Lloyd's Manor the SOCIAL CLUB'S members met and greeted their many friends who came out for a pleasant evening. King Hiram's Craftsmen center provided the scenes for the SURBURBAN QUEEN'S Annual Formal Dance, while at the Newark Armory THE OLD TIMERS sponsored a Charity Dance. I'm putting it mild when I say the month is full of gaiety, fun and frolic and speaking of our own (AFTER HOURS) affair at the Downbeat Club last Monday evening which was really in all the senses of the word a huge success. Members of various club organizations were well represented plus many other guests - EIGHT ORCHIDS, INC., LES BONNE FILLES, PLATONS, TWEEDSMEN, LES HOMME DES AF'S a few of CLUB FIFTEEN'S members, POSTAL ALLIANCE, UNITED COMMUNITY CENTER, INC. at Vauxhall, DEBTEENS, of E Orange, SURBURBAN QUEENS, THE WOMEN, CLUB EIGHT and OLD TIMERS THE WOMEN —

Henrietta Dawkins Lamb, JoAnn Smith, Jeanette Jones, Christine Strickland, Edythe Mouring, Ella Johnson, Juanita Sanders and Lillian Thomas cordially invites all of their patrons to their Annual Formal Dance at King Hiram Craftsmen's Center on Saturday, January 28th 1950, a gala time will be had by all who attend. \$3. S. Invites only.

Greetings
from the
Quattor-Elites

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MUSIC BY

BILL JETER

FROM 4 P. M. UNTIL

Your Host: HARRY VAN DYKE

Trenton Club

(Continued from page 28)

The officers in the club at the time the photo was taken were: Jayne Jones, president; Cathleen Gass, vice president; Fannie Brown, recording secretary; Margaret Byard, financial secretary; Alberta Brown, treasurer, Bessie Bishop, publicity, and Dorothy Turner, chaplain.

In the photo of the Trenton Far-Ho-Cha Club taken nearly ten years ago, not long after the group was organized, are those who formed the original membership. The picture was taken at a barn dance presented at the Sunlight Elks Auditorium (Now Carver Center)

They are: (Front Row, left to right) Julia Whittle, Doris Hagerman, Bessie Bishop (Now Gass).

(Second Row, left to right): Elizabeth Shrubey, Fannie Brown, Alice Allen, Alberta Brown:

(Third Row, left to right): Margaret Gamble, Jayne Jones, Cathleen Gass, Dorothy Turner, Clara Lacey, Mamie Hagerman, Marion Walker and Margaret Byard. Those not in the photo at the time were. Alice Levere, Beulah Mann, Francis Dade and Mattie Moore.

Among the members as of 1950 are Mrs. Alice Kelly, Mrs. William Prattis, Mrs. Anne Rose Green, Miss Alice Clark, Mrs. Fannie Brown, Miss Margaret Holmes Mrs. Cathleen Gass, Miss Alice Williams and others

Musician's Contest Results

ALL PICTURES IN NEXT ISSUE

They packed into the Club Downbeat Monday night the 16th to hear the results of After Hours First Annual Musicians Contest Awards. At least 300 were on hand to enjoy a show furnished by Larue Jordan and his band, Billy Ford and his band to enjoy a show furnished by Larue Google Eyes the great blues shouter, Gracie Smith and many more.

The program opened with Tiny Prince, manager of the contest, introducing Harry B. Webber, editor of After Hours Magazine who in turn called all members of the staff who were present to the platform. These included Alice Richards, feature editor; Rebecca Newby, fashion editor; Evelyn Brower, picture editor; Bernice Webster, secretary-treasurer; Melonee Jones, club editor; Mable Fields, Joyce White, Albert E. Hart, John T. Wilson, Jimmie Pitts, Mae Jones, Beverly Bradley, night life editor; Al Henderson and Bryan Quinn, Myles Cunningham, Fred Barnes, Bob Queen, Wellington Davis.

It was midnight when Tiny Prince began reading off the score for the contest finals, published elsewhere,

Then the honorary awards were made to Bill Cook, disc jockey; Bobby Plater, who was represented by a friend; Ike Quebec, Blue Note Recording artist; Babs Gonzales, of Be Bop fame and Sara Vaughn. Miss Vaughn did not arrive for the ceremony, although she had promis-

ed to be present. Her award was taken care of by a friend.

Pictures of all the action that night will be published in the next issue. Table reservations were handled by Melonee Jones who also complied all the contest records. Bernice Webber was in the ticket box. Jimmie Pitts, Bryan Quinn, Beverly Bradley and H. B. Webber were on the door. Rebecca Newby covered the fashion angle, Alice Richards the celebrity angle and Evelyn Brower with her new camera covered celebrity pictures during the evening. Many other fotos were by Fred Barnes, Davis and Cunningham, Al Henderson and Jean Brown. It was a great night.

— — — —

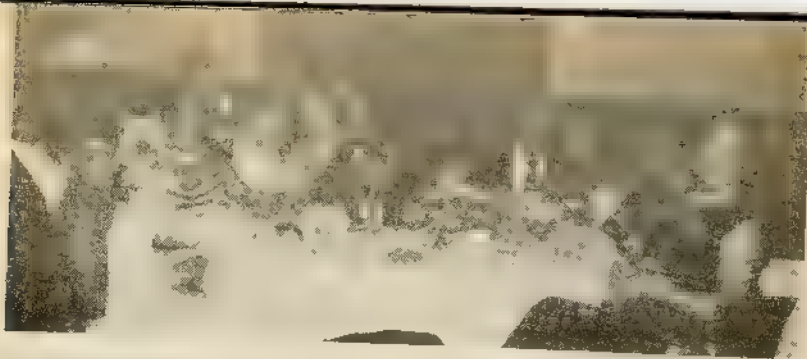
CONTEST WINNERS

Any of the winners of the Musicians of Year Contest who were not present at The Award and Dance will have to come to the After Hours Office at 105 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey to receive their medals, which will be ready Feb. 1.

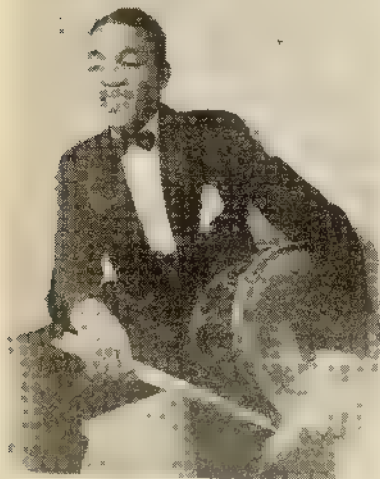
FIRST TEN WINNERS

ALTO	
Danny Quebec	13400
John Ciles, Jr.	7800
Jimmie Scott	5250
Coy Shockley	4950
Bob Milford	4400

(Continued on page 37)



AT ORCHID CLUB FORMAL are Mrs Effie Marshall, Mrs. Pearl Overby, William O'Brien of N. Y., Mrs Jean Wilkinson, Charles Morgan, Mrs. Louise Kirkley, Mrs. Rachel Mitchell and Mrs. Carlotta Kemp Jackson who attended the holiday formal of the Orchd Club at Wideway Hall.



PAUL (Prince) MARROW, above, has long been recognized as one of Central and South Jersey's top percussion artists. A resident of Princeton, N. J., he has played with Gene Scudder's orchestra, and other groups, and has appeared at the now extinct Belle Meade Country Club, Charcoal Inn of Princeton, and Kid Eddy's near New Brunswick

The Dance

I Remember

By DOLORES EVELYN

Being somewhat of a cultural dancer myself I have frequently attended Bop dances. One of the most interesting and enjoyable of these was the first Newark presentation of the King Cole Trio. Billy Eckstine and Earl Hines were featured at this dance in Orange Armory. This was one of the most inspiring enterprises of talents that I have witnessed.

The Armory was filled to capacity with a congenial crowd and I had the pleasure of meeting Mr Eckstine and Nat Cole through a friend of mine.

I often reminisce in reference to that dance for it was my most thrilling dance. Ker weemah Arcadeeey

Musician Winners

(Continued from page 35)

Count Branch	2850
Johnny Jackson	2400
Roy Brock	2050
Bill Millard	1000
No Tenth place	

TENOR

Henry Durant	14200
Demon	11550
Gene Phipps	6350
Joe Holiday	6000
Chink Kinney	5150
Earl Watson	2250
Billy Harris	2000
Harold Wilder	2000
Togge Smythe	1800
Hank Mobley	1000

BARITONE

Billy Harris	9650
Charlie Shavers	8550
McIntosh	7000
Bobby Jarrett	4450
Don Linton	1050
Allen Gibbs	1000

TROMBONE

Fats Morris	14450
Howard Scott	7950
Joe Holloway	4850
George Cook	2150
Vernon Kent	1850
Sardi	1250
Al Armstrong	12850
Herbert Scott	11150
Billy Ford	6650
Duke Fenn	2250
David McDuffie	2250

Lou Jones	1900
Chops Jones	1300
Clarence Miller	1250
Lawrence Tabbs	1150
Prince Jones	1100

PIANO

LaRue Jordan	12200
Duke Anderson	7300
Ernie Phipps	7050
Jimmie Tanner	5400
Clem Moorman	4350
Nate Anderson	4000
Joe Manning	3900
Jimmie Gaston	3450
Theodore Cook	3350
Harold Ford	3150

ARRANGERS

Duke Anderson	11450
Al Armstrong	8600
Bill Goode	7550
LaRue Jordan	6550
Gene Kee	2600
Duke Fenn	2350
Lou Jones	1450
Bob White	1400
Chink Williams	1800
Fats Morris	1100

GUITAR

Eddie Wright	16750
Al Terrell	5700
Dicky Thompson	5250
Ernie Ransome	4500
Willie Johnson	4050
James Scott	2350
Eddie Blackwell	3800
Obie Thorpe	1050
Artie Crooks	1050

(Continued on page 38)

Musician Winners

(Continued from page 37)

VOCAL GROUPS

Realm Riders	9450
Ray-O-Yacs	7000
Piccadilly Pipers	5000
Bill Goode Quartet	3550
Four Stars	3400
Dole Dickens	3050
Royal Blue Notes	2650
Kerry Four	2800
Calypso Serenaders	2400
Ben Smith	2050

BASS

Buzz Johnson	12900
Bro Moncur	10000
Dick Harvest	5600
Larry Goines	4500
Flap McQueen	4100
Art Williams	3200
Al Henderson	2600
Bob White	2300
Artie Crooks	1200
Henry King	1100

DRUMS

Danny Gibson	16900
Chink Williams	11800
Milton Hayes	10200
Gus Young	4800
Bob Millard	2500
Sandy Percy Battles	2000
Bill Spence	2000
Kenny Washington	3400
Nick Daluca	2050
Lil Abner	2250

MALE VOCALIST

Google Eyes	16600
Nate Brown	11750
Tony Jenkins	10400
Johnson Lee	6600
Chink Williams	2200
Bill Goode	2200
Lester Harris	3850

FEMALE VOCALIST

Betty Drenay	14450
Grace Smith	11550
Flo Wright	9850
Sadie Styne	6200
Bonnie Davis	7500
Ann Baxter	4450
Elmira LaGrand	3900
Skippy Williams	3850
Zanza LaRue	2150
Pat Stinson	2100
Red Foxy	10600
Reese LaRue	9250
Hucklebuckers	7200
Iron Jaws	3950
Abe Moore	2900
Lester Harris	2200
Nacki Sacki Boys	2050
Smoky MacAllister	1500
Larry Williams	1600
Satch Robinson	2800

BANDS

Billy Ford	13000
Larry Clark	8100
Don Linton	8050
Canty Allston	8000
Brady Hoghes	7050
Johnny Jackson	6550
Marion MacDonald	6000
Gus Young	4500
Pancho Diggs	3000
Prince Jones	2100

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Pete Fields,
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